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THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

Rarely has the educational world experienced such a thrill as was aroused by the announcement of Mr. Carnegie's offer to the nation of ten million dollars for the establishment of an institution to encourage research and the cause of learning. As the terms of the endowment, the special purposes of the foundation, the selection of the trustees, the choice of Dr. Gilman for the presidency of the institution, successively became known, the thrill of expectancy became a happy assurance that the tidings were joyous indeed.

There is so much aimless and undiscerning discussion in regard to educational ends and needs and values and methods — and much of it unfortunately emanating from high places and influential voices — that it is but natural that, more than occasionally, men of wealth with benevolent intentions become distracted amid the clamor of hungry mouths, and in the end yet another instance of misdirected philanthropy is added to a long list. One is often tempted, under the inspiration or the irritation of so much misguided effort and weakly invested capital, to favor the appointment of a national Director of Philanthropy, and give him dictatorial power to shower philanthropic millions where the consensus of informed judgment believed it to be most potential of future benefits. Yet in the light of recent benefactions it would be both unjust and unkind to repeat the pessimistic dictum that the only good sort of a benefactor is a dead one; far better is the live one who is wise enough to invite the coöperation of experienced and scholarly men, and to entrust to such men, without hampering restrictions or narrowing conditions, the supreme task of breathing the breath of life into the body corporate which the munificent gift supplies. Mr. Carnegie has erected a supremely worthy monument and inscribed it "To the man who knows!" Such conspicuous recognition of learning as an expert art of national consequence is most exhilarating, — especially in contrast to the more general distrust of learning and the thinly-veiled condescension toward its professors, which a common worship at the shrine of material success has made prevalent.

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to encourage investigation, research, and discovery, to show the application of knowledge to the improvement of mankind"; "to increase the efficiency of the Universities . . . by aiding teachers in the various institutions in experimental and other work"; "to discover the exceptional man in every department of study, whenever and wherever found, and enable him by financial aid to make the work for which he seems specially designed his life work"; "to secure, if possible, for the United States of America leadership in the domain of discovery and the utilization of new forces for the benefit of man";—such are the expressed purposes of the Carnegie endowment. That they will be both liberally and wisely interpreted, and likewise vigorously administered, is assured by the fortunate selection of the directive head of the institution. As president of the Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Gilman has exhibited two qualities which are most needed for success in educational pioneering. He showed his ability to discover the real significance and the real weakness of an educational situation, and steadfastly to adhere with singleness of purpose to the chosen goal of his activity; he recognized more fully than any other at the time the necessity for graduate study in the American University and the practical possibilities of its development. And he showed himself peculiarly successful in selecting at a comparatively early stage of their development the men of promise who were to be the leaders of their craft in the near future. Unlike the mother in the play who dismissed the promising young men who presented themselves as suitors for her daughter's hand in a vain search for a man who had his future behind him, Dr. Gilman appreciated the stimulus to achievement that comes of timely recognition, and the assumption of high responsibilities. He was willing to follow Mark Twain's philosophic advice to "put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket." Even more fundamental was the recognition thus accorded to the vital, though not self-evident, truth that men of outwardly equal rank are born and develop with conspicuous inequality. To discover the exceptional man and to provide him with the environment suitable to the richest fruitage of his talents, constitutes an investment of material and intellectual resources of the very highest possible value, whether measured by the practical benefits inevitably to flow therefrom, by the reflex stimulation of learning which it is certain to encourage, or by the widespread prestige and appreciation of successful intellectual endeavor which it is likely to disseminate.

Without assuming the uncertain *rôle* of the prophet, one may recognize in the Carnegie foundation a powerful instrument for the advancement of learning, and one may anticipate eminent success from the wise determination of the makers of this instrument to focus it upon a specific field of influence. Such a policy is far better than the duplication of existing resources at the national capital (with its almost inevitable entanglement with political aspirations), which the well-meaning enthusiasts for a national University had been so loudly advocating. We may interpret Mr. Carnegie's assurance that "were Washington still with us, his finely balanced judgment would decide that, in our generation at least, such use of wealth would not be the best" as a patriotic tribute to the father of his country; yet it testifies as well to the wise dominance of progressive educational principles in the framing of the institution that is to be. True is it that the plan is an innovation and carries with it the element of venture incident to untried experiments; yet "he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils, for time is the greatest innovator." What we demand of innovation is that it shall be born of ripe judgment and bear promise of conformity with the natural trend of evolution. An Englishman, himself a Conservative, defined Conservatism as the unwillingness to adopt a newer way of doing things until it was shown to be a better way. Under that dictum we should all be Conservatives, no doubt; yet we should continue to differ as to the kind of evidence necessary to produce such conviction; and an unreasonable and over-cautious disinclination to venture a hazard of new fortunes will ever be characteristic of some sorts of men. Conservatism in education has been a peculiarly hampering — though not rarely also a saving — influence; and this, because convention, crystallized tradition, and worship of the *status quo* (to say nothing of the indolent comfort of a policy of *laissez faire*), have been such constant and potent factors in the history of educational reforms. Latterly, our transgressions have changed somewhat in character. We are doubtless as ready as is good for us to try new methods, to establish new curricula, to discard ancient traditions, to bow down before new theories and proclaim, not a royal, but a democratically short-cut road to learning. Yet to a

discerning and disinterested observer the educational hives of industry where these products are put together, would seem more like great repair shops than smoothly-working and well-ordered factories. We putter and fuss and talk glibly of growth and improvement, while the really vital problems receive neither discussion nor any other helpful form of attention. It is at such a time, when the few are striving with strained vision to foresee and direct the next stages in educational unfoldment, that the innovator provided with material means and intellectual resources finds his opportunity. The expressed purpose of the Carnegie foundation "to promote original research, paying great attention thereto, as being one of the chief purposes of the institution," indicates a serious attempt to remedy one of the great deficiencies of our academic organization, and to make the devotion to research as a life-occupation as well established and as worthy in dignity, attainments, and reputation as the highest positions devoted to the dissemination of learning by teaching.

The lack of a proper income, the lack of leisure, the lack of inducements toward the investigative career, the lack of a congenial atmosphere to nurture such devotion to research as survives among the professorial and allied classes, — these are of a nature all compact; and together constitute one of the most serious adversities incident to the academic life in America. A partial alleviation of any one of these is certain to prove a partial alleviation of all; and it is because the founders of the Carnegie institution have recognized in these needs a fundamental weakness of the present educational outlook, and because they foresee the great practical opportunity to administer to these needs, that the Carnegie foundation must be set down as an event of extraordinary consequence. This pronounced defect in American Universities has naturally not escaped notice. It is most forcibly and discerningly set forth in Professor Münsterberg's arraignment of the dearth of productive scholarship in this country ("Atlantic Monthly," June, 1901); and his keen diagnosis of the cause of the malady is as wholesome reading as is his prescription of the remedy that is to be applied, along with the directions for its application. In the ordinary course of events public sentiment upon this topic would have had to be well shaken before the remedy would have been taken. The fortunate appearance of Mr. Carnegie's devotion will act as a stimulus that will at once place the case upon a more hopeful footing. It is not well to chill the optimism of the friends of the investigative career, or to restrain the joyous belief of underpaid and overburdened professors that there is a good time coming; yet it is well to remind ourselves of the slow growth and careful nurture that such ideals require. Not to all who wearily climb the hill to see from afar the pleasing prospect, will it be granted to enter in and possess the promised land. Yet the influence of this message of good will to productive authorship is sure to penetrate far and wide.

Likewise is it worthy of note that the investigative career, and doubtless the mission of the Carnegie institution, embraces a far wider scope than the application of scientific principles to practical arts and inventions. Investigations likely to reach the self-supporting stage without too long or costly an infancy are the ones least needful of philanthropic protection. When pecuniary profit seems likely, the necessary "angel" to safeguard the auspicious venture is usually, though not always, to be found. Far more typical of the career which requires fostering care and helpful stimulus is that of the scholar in any one of the sciences or humanities, at present laboring with inadequate means and amid distracting obligations, to penetrate a step farther into some unexplored recess of nature's Africa, to interpret the significance of social and political tendencies, to restate for present-day needs some chapter of the story of human evolution, or some pertinent aspect of the forces that make for culture and civilization. "To discover the exceptional man in every department of study, whenever and wherever found" suggests a pleasingly liberal interpretation of the purposes and the scope of the investigative career, and gives promise of a broad as well as a profound devotion to the cause of productive scholarship. And it does more than this: for it recognizes that creative industry demands its own conditions and will not respond to arbitrary demands nor imposed conventions. The Muse is coy and the Sphinx is dumb; and success is to wit as well as to valor. It is difficult enough under most favorable circumstances to direct intellectual energy into the most profitable channels. If we but knew where lies El Dorado surely there would be no lack of philanthropic enterprise to equip expeditions for such tempting rewards. But as things are, the least and the most we can do, is to provide that some future Columbus need not go begging from court to

court for a few ships to start him upon his voyage of discovery, nor have to encounter the growing dissatisfaction and the threatened mutiny of his crew because the shores of the new world are not soon enough in sight.

Yet last as first, the success of such projects as that inaugurated by Mr. Carnegie depends upon the individuality of the men who are to direct its fortunes. It is men that make a University and differentiate one academic *milieu* from another; and next to them, or, better, because of them, the intellectual atmosphere in which they live and move and pass on to others the lights that they have kept burning. The deepest cause for congratulation is that a gift so potent for good should have been so wisely given; that with good intentions has been united good counsel. For "the greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel, for in other confidences men commit the parts of life — their lands, their goods, their child, their credit, some particular affair; but to such as they make their counsellors they commit the whole."

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MR. PINERO'S LATEST DRAMA.

Mr. Pinero, the most conspicuous English dramatist of the day, is a playwright who seeks to say something, and who says it with no small amount of dramatic technique. He succeeds thereby in having his utterance heard by an extremely large number of people, and in provoking a good deal of sober second thought. The casual first impressions of his latest drama have now had time to fade, and it may be worth while to put together the impressions aroused by several hearings of the play.

The story of "Iris" must by this time be familiar to all readers of current dramatic criticism. Briefly, it is the tragic downfall of a weak-willed, attractive woman to whom the luxuries of life are necessities, and the necessities — love and honor — are, one had almost said, luxuries. About this character is woven an interesting and depressing plot, whose structure and doctrine I propose to discuss, by way of testing the reality of Mr. Pinero's art.

Iris, a widow of twenty-six, will lose her fortune if she remarries. The suitors whose wealth would make this condition insignificant do not move her, and the one man who attracts her fancy is a penniless young fellow, Trenwith, a burden to his relations, who have, as a final act of charity, found an opening for him in British Columbia. He would willingly leave England but for his infatuation with Iris, who lets him dance attendance on her, perhaps in the hope that through some acquaintance or other a good position may yet be found for him. Marriage is impossible unless conditions change materially. Chief among Iris's rejected suitors is Frederick Maldonado, an immensely wealthy Jew of Spanish-American extraction, who, despite his rejection, is at any moment at Iris's call. Beside him, Trenwith is but a boy, physically and intellectually. These three characters are the protagonists, and the dramatic problem is to develop out of the obviously unstable equilibrium of the initial situation a series of incidents that shall make out of Iris's playing with her chances an inevitable ruin. This problem Mr. Pinero handles with entire sincerity and outspokenness, and without vulgarity. He has thought out his subject, if not convincingly, at least in a way that is fair and above board. He has no desire to make vice attractive, any more than he has to disguise the consequences of sin. Indeed, he has given a striking proof of his sincerity in depriving himself of one of the playwright's rewards: he does not once let the curtain go down on a situation that tempts to spontaneous applause; and this from a dramatist who, even in a disagreeable situation (witness the *scène à faire* in "Quex"), can keep an audience alert with sympathetic interest. It is a sacrifice of the continuous effect of approval for the sake of the ultimate effect, as if Mr. Pinero had said, "I do not care how the play is received at any given moment, if I can have my audience go away in thought." That effect, at least, is secured.

The play begins with Iris's farewell dinner party before she goes to the Continent for the summer. Most of the first scene is purely expository: the guests tell each other what an attractive woman Iris is, and the praises of "our divinity" are scattered lavishly through the first three acts. So far as the play is concerned, Iris does absolutely nothing to deserve the extravagant eulogies, for in words and actions she is not lovable, witty, or sensible; we must take her on faith. It is remarkable that so "modern" a dramatist as Mr. Pinero should revert to the undramatic, old-fashioned novelist's trick of telling us how charming his heroine is, lest perchance we should not discover it from what she says and does. The initial situation is leisurely put before us. Iris's friend and man of business, Archie (it is mostly first names in the play — there are no outsiders), finds occasion to tell Iris that her friendship for Trenwith is causing gossip,—scandal. She is surprised and pained, but immediately other guests enter, and there is talk and more talk. As the scene closes, with the guests going down to dinner, Iris holds Maldonado back for a moment and promises to become his wife. The real action has now begun: Iris is to marry Freddy Maldonado to put a stop to the scandalous and false reports. The curtain immediately goes up on the same scene; dinner is over. This device of splitting up an act into episodes, marked by the dropping of the curtain merely to indicate the lapse of time, is several times effectively employed. The guests are about to go. Trenwith begs Iris for a few minutes after

the rest have gone. She tells him that Maldonado has asked for the same privilege; Trenwith persists; then she suddenly relents, and tells him to come after Maldonado has gone. Alone with "Maldo," she repulses his caresses, and tells him fairly that she does not love him, and that she can only engage to be the mistress of his house, "faithfully and honorably." Maldonado hears her with indignant surprise, but impetuously declares that he will take his chance. The third episode of the act brings Iris and Trenwith together. Thunderstruck at her engagement, the young fellow begs her to break it, to marry him and go out with him to the ranch. Iris is obdurate: she is "not fit to be a poor man's wife," she tells Trenwith, speaking to him as frankly as she had spoken to Maldo. In a sudden passion of despair, Trenwith kisses her; and as if carried away by her affection for the younger man, Iris writes a hasty word to Maldo, breaking the engagement, and cries to Trenwith, "Follow me to Switzerland."

Thus much, with somewhat inert movement, the first act has presented. Stated bluntly, the first phase of the problem is: given this woman, who is fond of comfort, and who is offered an honorable choice between love without luxury, and luxury where she does not love, she will seek to evade the choice, that she may have both of the things she desires, even at a frightful cost. The play has revealed this dramatic weakness, however: Iris has pledged her word and then has broken it; and in spite of all the dialogue, one does not fully know why she has done either. However obscure her reasons may be to her, to the spectator they should be absolutely lucid. Instead of using incident to interpret character, Mr. Pinero has devoted his first act to describing character which is expected to interpret incident. The slow movement is then a structural weakness, and not a too full elaboration of a well-arranged scheme.

The second act, six weeks later, is at Lake Como, whither not merely Trenwith, but Fanny Sylvain and Croker Harrington, have followed Iris. Fanny (an intimate friend of Iris) and Croker (one of the several rejected suitors) are practically the Chorus of this un-Greek drama; devoted to their heroine, they sing her praises in and out of season; and in default of lyric odes, favor the spectators with epigrams that are the only enlivening features of the play. The comparison to the Chorus is not entirely fanciful: Mr. Pinero has cut down his real action to three figures, and Iris's two devoted friends have as their main function only to pass comment on the drama of which they are spectators. This office is vividly performed in this act, after Iris and Trenwith have had a dialogue alone together. Trenwith (who does not at any time in the play win the spectator's sympathy) tries to make a stand: he has enough manhood in him to feel that the situation is becoming impossible — his small remnant of money is disappearing, and the ranch is his only hope; Iris would have him take her money, and when he will not, she begs him to delay another month before they face the question of the future; and Trenwith agrees. A few minutes that Fanny and Croker then have together suffice to emphasize Fanny's dread of the gossip that is now on in full cry indeed. Fanny's hesitating unwillingness to believe the worst, and Croker's impassioned appeal to believe only the best, come to the spectator, who knows that the worst is true, as the keenest of dramatic irony. This finely balanced scene closes at the re-entrance of Iris and her lover. Suddenly, as the four friends are at *déjeuner*, Croker stumbles upon a newspaper paragraph that means financial ruin to them all: Archie has absconded, after losing all their money in speculation. Croker and Fanny are penniless, and Iris, the luxurious, has left but a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Upon this desolate group, just as the curtain drops, saunters Maldonado, the millionaire. This act has been simple and straightforward in its development. The calamity is well led up to, and the characters speak without ambiguity. The dramatist has now stated the second phase of the problem: a woman who has refused poverty with the man she loves, and luxury with the man she does not love, and has chosen the hazardous lot of unwedded love which preserves her luxury, is deprived of the independent wealth that alone made the doubtful position tenable for a while. What will she do now?

What she does, and what, moreover, she will do, the strong third act makes perfectly apparent. Like the first act, the third is in three episodes, each with its central incident, its controlling emotion, and each hurrying on the story, if not irresistibly, yet powerfully. First of all, Iris announces her engagement to Trenwith. The marriage is not to take place at once, for Trenwith is at last to go to British Columbia, and is to come back in two or three years. But as Trenwith prepares to go, it is Maldonado who dominates the scene. His generous offers of aid have been refused by each one of Archie's victims; it only remains for them to part and try their luck as best they may. Wineglass in hand Maldonado makes a long and flowery speech, proposing Trenwith's health and happy return to his loving and virtuous *fiancée*. The sneer is well-concealed, but it immediately defines Maldonado's position as the disturbing element of the drama. The following episode contains the best and also one of the least satisfying moments in the play. The dawn breaks upon Iris and Trenwith, who have put off the final parting until the last moment. Through sheer weariness, Iris has fallen asleep, and as the watching Trenwith awakens her, she starts up to the horror of the cold, rainy dawn, which sends all the courage out of her blood. Again Trenwith asks her to marry him and come with him, and again Iris refuses, this time because she would prove to him that she can bear poverty alone and thereby be worthy to become his wife. Trenwith does not urge her (he is after all but a puppet in Mr. Pinero's hands), and here of course at a

critical moment the play is structurally weak. The plot demands that Iris and Trenwith shall be separated, and the dramatist seems content with any reason instead of the one inevitable reason. A reason, indeed, he takes the trouble to provide, but he establishes no connection between it and what has gone before. This process of going back only one step, instead of creating a train of events, is now seen to be the explanation of the structural weakness of the first act. But this important objection waived, the rest of the scene under consideration is superb, and rises to a lofty moral tone instinct with dramatic quality as Iris cries out to her lover, "Remember me always, but forget more than you remember — when you come back to me, come as to a stranger." The concluding episode of the act is quick and decisive. Maldonado offers to Iris a cheque-book, which she refuses to accept, but he leaves it, asking her to destroy it herself if she will not use it. The amount deposited to her credit "is but a few hundreds — or thousands." The first cheque is almost immediately drawn. Fanny's niece, a young girl who has fluttered through the play just to be utilized in this scene, tells Iris that Miss Pinsent, who used to be Iris's companion, has also been one of Archie's victims. Iris's quick sympathy brings the cheque-book into use. The step is taken; when she leaves the house she takes the cheque-book with her; and the spectator foresees the end. The third phase of the problem, now indeed hardly a problem, is phraseable thus: Iris, who will risk scandal for the sake of the man she loves, is unable to brave the conditions of life that such love renders imperative; accident will take her whither it will.

In the fourth act, two years later, the foreseen has happened. As Maldonado's mistress, Iris is installed in luxury. In this act there is little movement, and much dialogue, pitiless and resentful, between Maldo and Iris. Maldo offers her marriage, but Iris scornfully puts off consideration of a step that could not rehabilitate her in her own self-esteem. Iris's last remaining friend, Croker, enters, and Maldo leaves them alone together. One does not often see on the stage more pathetic incidents than Iris's eager, heart-broken listening to Croker's account of Fanny's wedding and the people who were there — "I knew them all, I knew them all." Croker tells, too, of the return of Trenwith, ignorant of all that has happened, save that Iris has ceased to write to him. The meeting that Iris craves is arranged, after Croker's final cry against his own degradation to a mere go-between (Croker is by the way the best piece of character portrayal in the play); and Maldo who, by a not too ingenious device of piecing the fragments of a torn letter, has discovered the plan, prepares to overhear the meeting. The fourth phase, then, is that the woman has found the futility of luxury and craves only her heart's desire.

In the moving fifth act, Iris tells Trenwith her whole story. For dramatic—or rather theatrical—purposes the dramatist has kept the spectator ignorant of Iris's downright suffering and abject poverty before she fell to Maldonado. However effective the story is at this point, its previous suppression has had the effect of making us judge Iris more sternly than if we had known the whole truth. This is dubious dramatic art, to sacrifice a sympathy and then try to regain it by an impassioned explanation. The grief-stricken recital does not win over the dazed Trenwith. To Iris's cry, "Take me back with you!" he can only reiterate, "I am sorry — extremely sorry," and leave the room slowly and with downcast head. Maldonado bursts in, and after a fiery denunciation of the woman, drives her out into the night. Then he impotently smashes some vases, the curtain falls, and the spectator is left to phrase for himself the solution of the problem. One emerges on the dark and crowded streets, half expecting to see the deserted woman wandering aimlessly along. Perhaps this is Mr. Pinero's meaning; we are given no other clue. One suddenly thinks of suicide as Iris's alternative: will she accept it or enter the ranks of lost women? In any event, the solution is tragic.

When one attempts to find out precisely what the play means, he finds his way blocked by the dramatist's apparent wavering between the conventional and the unconventional points of view. This prevents the play from declaring a clear moral principle. I do not use the term in its conventional sense, for morality is too large a thing ever to be conventionalized effectively. But I do not see that the play stands for any specific idea. Very obviously Mr. Pinero does not intend his play to be judged by conventional standards; his Iris is too poignant a presentation of character to be regarded as a type to be labelled and thus disposed of. The author means her pitiful case to be judged upon its individual merits; and yet at the end, is it not the very height of conventional morality to take refuge in the banal conclusion of punishing the woman and letting her two partners in guilt go free? To my mind, Mr. Pinero's remarkable play falls into the logical fallacy of insisting on the special case while having in reserve only the general verdict. If Iris is by nature a vulgar courtesan, only withheld by circumstances from the inevitable end, then the conclusion is logical; but every word of the first four acts pleads the reverse: if at any moment she might fall, so at any moment she might be redeemed. In reality, Iris's fall is more accidental than inevitable. To urge that the end happens as it might happen in life is to waive the question; for art has hardly the right to make the accidental seem representative. Mr. Pinero uses his art to interpret Iris's strange character, but when one expects the final word of interpretation, one hears only the blunt record. Thus the play leaves its hearers unsatisfied, but the disappointment is of a kind that an inferior play could not produce.

MARTIN W. SAMPSON.

London, England.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TESTS OF CULTURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read Mr. Payne's article, in your issue of January 16, on "Recent American Poetry," in which he relates a story of Mr. Herbert Spencer, who somewhere speaks scornfully of the man who is not ashamed to be ignorant of the Eustachian tubes, but who would blush if caught saying "Iphigénia." Mr. Payne, commenting, expresses his "sympathy rather than scorn" for such a man, adding: "One can be well-educated without knowing anything of the Eustachian tubes, but ignorance concerning the pronunciation of 'Iphigenia' betokens a defect of culture."

I read this twice to make sure whether the writer were in earnest or only practising a little humorous aside upon us. If in earnest, then it seems to me his own test of culture is of the same *ex parte* order as that which he condemns in Mr. Spencer. It is the literary man's definition against the scientist's. Similarly, some scholarly divine might tell us that one can be well-educated and know nothing about either the Eustachian tubes or the right penultimate accent in the word Iphigenia, but it is indispensable that one should know all about the spelling of Jahweh and the chapter and verse where the second writer in Isaiah begins. A socialistic writer and reformer would probably reject all three of these tests, and declare that that alone was true culture which included a perfect knowledge of the wage system and how to rescue the submerged tenth. The artist would tell us that whatever we did or did not know, we must, if we make any pretensions to culture, understand the difference between a life-study and a drawing from the flat. The musician would say we must have a perfect comprehension of the intricacies of Brahms and the harmonic subtleties of Wagner. And so on! Each has his own definition of what we call culture, or of what constitutes an educated man; but must we depend upon or be limited to any one of these judgments? Is there not a definition, or at least an ideal, larger and truer? Is culture to be measured by one's proficiency in any single branch of human knowledge, gathered from books, the study, laboratory, or workshop? Is it not rather to be defined in terms of life and human experience, as spiritual energy and power? If this idea seems too wide and vague, certainly the others mentioned fall far short of the real requirements.

Emerson told us long ago that culture "kills exaggeration, the conceit of our village or city." It also kills the conceit of our particular calling or point of view. "Man's culture can spare nothing, wants all the material." It begins "in the organic effort of Nature to mount and meliorate," its end being "to convert the Furies into Muses and the hells into benefit."

All this without disparagement to Mr. Payne, whose literary reviews in THE DIAL are of great value to all who read, and one of its indispensable features. I am one of many who, in the rush of books from the modern press, am quite content he should do a large share of my reading for me, especially in the way of present-day fiction and poetry, where he is a recognized expert.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Chicago, Feb. 7, 1902.

POETRY IN POLITICS IN JAPAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The Japanese are quite like Silas Wegg, — prone to drop off into poetry; and this propensity has recently displayed itself in a funny way. Baron Kanaguchi, Vice-Minister of the Imperial Household, suddenly resigned. That he was compelled to resign was the general impression, which was strengthened by the following verses which he composed and published on retiring from office:

"Kako wa kumo,
Mirai wa mizu ya
Yuki-botoke.

"Saraba tote
Oyeba niguru ya
Fuyu no hai."

This may be translated:

"The past a cloud,
The future water
Or a snow-image.

"Farewell then:
Driven I flee,
A winter fly."

I take pleasure in calling the attention of similarly unfortunate office-holders in the United States to this poetical method of facing a prosaic matter like compulsory resignation. ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, Jan. 16, 1902.

ANOTHER PROTEST AGAINST "PROVEN."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A correspondent in a recent issue of THE DIAL is annoyed at the growing use of *proven* for *proved*. He says it is "a distressing perversion" and "a silly affectation of an unreal archaism." This is serious; and, worse still, our leading newspapers and magazines are "every week, if not every day," saying *proven*. He very properly remarks that "instruction will have but little effect if we are constantly to have before us such weighty examples to the contrary."

Writers and speakers are too apt to imagine that they may make new words or modify old ones to suit their taste or convenience. They appear to consider words only as tools for aiding and expressing thought, and, like other tools, subject to change as convenience or fancy may dictate. In the fusion of the elements of our language the people seem to have helped themselves to French and Saxon prefixes, suffixes, inflectional endings, and other loose word-material, to suit their needs and fancy, without strict regard at all times for the sanctity of pedigrees or grammatical rules. However, the laws of "old English inflectional endings" are greater than the people, and must be observed at all hazards.

The dissyllabic form *proven* seems a little easier to say, and sounds a little more euphonious than *proved* with its "v" and "d" following each other without a relieving vowel sound between. *Proven* has, also, grown somewhat familiar to us in poetry, and in the Scots verdict "Not proven." Perhaps, too, there is to the popular mind just a little more of homely strength, a little more proof, in *proven*. However, these slightly extenuating circumstances are far from excusing "a silly affectation of an unreal archaism."

EDWIN F. MACK.

Chicago, Feb. 9, 1902.

The New Books.

Lord Chief Justice Russell.*

Disraeli, as quoted in the work under review, once "described the legal mind as chiefly displaying itself in illustrating the obvious, explaining the evident, and expatiating on the commonplace"; and the reported utterances of even so eminent a jurist as Lord Russell would hardly seem to abate the keenness of this thrust. The qualities of mind that insure success at the bar are not brilliance, high creative genius, or great originality; they are rather common sense, clear-headedness, energy, indomitable perseverance, and self-control. These latter endowments the late Lord Chief Justice possessed in an eminent degree; and to them he added the combativeness, quickness of repartee, and the fiery temper, together with the impulsive warm-heartedness, that characterize the true son of Erin. The fact that he visited this country on at least two occasions, that he delivered the address before the American Bar Association in 1896, that he pleaded the cause of Great Britain in the Behring Sea controversy, and was one of the arbitrators in the Venezuelan dispute, lend his life an added interest for us.

Charles Russell was born at Newry, County Down, in 1832. He was fortunate in his parentage: his father was neither rich nor poor, and was warmly attached to his children; his mother was comely in person, energetic, clear-headed, and strong-willed, and something of a Spartan in domestic discipline. To the mother, rather than to the father, Charles seems to have owed the qualities that afterwards made him famous. In 1838 the family removed to Killowen, a beautiful spot on Carlingford Lough. After reading law, and after a brief career as solicitor in Belfast, young Russell decided to fit himself for the English bar. First completing his education at Trinity College, Dublin, he hastened to London and entered at Lincoln's Inn. Called to the bar in 1859, he threw himself heart and soul into his profession. His experience as a briefless barrister was short: before the close of the year he had made 117 pounds, 261 pounds was his income for the next twelve months, and after that, for several years, he annually doubled his receipts. The high-water mark of his pecuniary prosperity was reached in 1893, when his fees amounted to 22,517 pounds. In 1894 he was appointed Lord Chief Justice, succeeding Lord Coleridge who had just died. Before that he had held the office of Attorney-General, and had been made a Lord of Appeal. He was proud to declare himself the first Roman Catholic attorney-general, and the first Roman Catholic chief justice, since the Reformation; and it is interesting to note that Gladstone endeavored to have the chancellorship thrown open to Catholics for his benefit. A premature death terminated his career, at the height of his usefulness and while his fame was still growing, August 10, 1900.

His biography, by Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, barrister-at-law, a fellow-countryman and co-religionist, is sympathetic and highly interesting. Devoted as it is almost exclusively to Russell's professional activity, and written so soon after his death, it cannot be pronounced the best possible or most authoritative and dispassionate memoir of the man; but its pages breathe his personality, and the narrative moves on with all the briskness and breeziness one could desire.

Although he advocated home rule for Ireland, and appeared as Parnell's counsel before the Parnell Commission, Lord Russell never joined the Irish party, but remained a Liberal in politics. Yet no Irishman was ever more unflinchingly true to the land of his birth. A friend once said to him, "Russell, if you could only give up your Irish brogue, it would be worth to you at least another 500 pounds a year." "I would not give it up," was the reply, "for the additional 500 pounds." The activity that enabled him to crowd four days' work into each twenty-four hours, is illustrated in the following:

> "Russell could not sit quietly in chambers. He had to do some practical thing. If he [was] not working, he was walking. Action was the principle of his life. One day he came into the robing-room at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Several members of the Junior Bar were standing round the fire. 'Why are you loafing about here?' he said; 'why don't you do something?' 'We have nothing to do,' said the Junior Bar. 'Why don't you go to the races?' he rejoined; 'do something, don't be moping.'"

The allurements of both the green table and the green turf were too much for Russell's powers of resistance, at least before he had the dignity of the Bench to maintain, and he is said to have squandered his princely income as fast as he made it, and to have been more noted for his debts than for his subscriptions

*The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen. By R. Barry O'Brien. With a Portrait and Facsimiles. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

to charitable causes. His masterful, even overbearing, way with judge and jury alike, is well shown by an anecdote first published by Mr. Charles Mathews in the "Daily Telegraph," and quoted by Mr. O'Brien.

"In Mr. Russell's young days in silk, when the late Mr. Justice Denman was going the Northern Circuit, just before the rising of the Court, on a warm summer afternoon, some very high words were flung from the Bar to the Bench in a tone and in a vehemence which caused the learned judge to say that he would not trust himself to reprove them in his then condition of sorrow and resentment, but would take the night to consider what he ought to do, and when they met again the next morning he would announce his determination. In considerable commotion the Court broke up, and on the following day it was crowded in anticipation of 'a scene,' an anticipation somewhat encouraged by Mr. Justice Denman's entry into Court with if possible more than ordinary solemnity, and on taking his seat, commencing the business of the day by saying: 'Mr. Russell, since the Court adjourned last evening I have had the advantage of considering with my brother judge the painful incident' . . . Upon which Russell quickly broke in with, 'My Lord, I beg you will not say a word more upon the subject; for I can honestly assure you that I have entirely and for ever dismissed it from my memory'—a turning of the tables which provoked a roar of laughter in the Court that even the learned judge himself could not but join in."

"When Russell is there," as was once well said of him, "the judge isn't in it. Russell dominates every one." The intolerance he showed toward all stupidity, folly, verbosity, and affectation, was voiced in his abrupt question to a pretentious coxcomb: "Have you read 'The Newcomes'?" "Yes," drawled the coxcomb. "Well, you are very like Barnes Newcome." But a kind heart underlay all this brusqueness.

One of his "devils" tells a story of legal acumen on Russell's part that almost amounted to inspiration. Mr. O'Brien gives the incident in the narrator's words.

"I had made a full note for him in a case. He did not read the brief himself. He spoke from the note. I sat behind him as he was addressing the jury. Suddenly I remembered that I had omitted one most important fact. I was horrified. I felt the cold perspiration running down my back. What was I to do? If I interrupted him he would be angry, and if I let him close his speech without mentioning this fact, he would be angry too. What was I to do? It was not at all an easy thing to pull him up and go into this new matter. There I sat still in doubt, while Russell rattled along. Gradually he got to the point where this fact ought to come in, while I sat undecided, when suddenly, to my astonishment, out came in its proper place in the narrative the fact in question. I was amazed and relieved. How did he get it? He had never opened the brief — that I knew. As we walked away from Court I told him how sorry I was to have left out that fact, and what a funk I was in all the time he was speaking. He was not a bit angry. He took it very well. 'But how,' I asked, 'did you know it? You never read the brief; you had nothing but the note.' 'Quite true, my boy,' said he, 'but I felt sure it must be so from the lie of the other facts.' The courage of the man, his faith in himself, amazed me. He felt assured from the general bearings of the case, without any special knowledge, that this particular thing had happened, and he said so with complete confidence."

"What is the punishment for bigamy?" was once asked him, according to report. "Two mothers-in-law," was the ready reply. But his biographer, we regret to add, discredits this story. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

The last days of Lord Russell's life were darkened for him by the lamentable course of events in South Africa. His attitude as presiding judge at the trial of the Jameson raiders — it was his charge to the jury that procured their conviction — foreshadowed his position with reference to the Boer War. "What a terrible business this war is," he writes to Sir Edward Frye, "and what ignorance of the forces and difficulties to be met!" And again, in another letter to the same: "What a sad business this war is! And what makes it worse in my mind is the fact that one does not feel assured we are wholly in the right, and that it might have been avoided." His high official station forbade him to express himself freely in this matter, and it was only in guarded utterances to trusted friends that he revealed his hearty disapproval of his country's course. Despite the native pugnacity of his temperament, he was always for arbitration rather than war, as the proper mode of settling disputes. His sense of justice also was too strong to permit him to countenance a wrong.

PERCY FAVOR BICKNELL.

THE LATEST CRITICISM OF AMERICA.*

Professor Münsterberg's book on "American Traits" has already been before the reading public in the shape of articles published from time to time in two of our leading periodicals. The subject is not new, nor the treatment profound; but the author, as a foreigner and a professor in one of our most renowned institutions of learning, cannot fail to command some attention throughout the land. Indeed, owing to their racy conversational style and entertaining comment upon American customs

* AMERICAN TRAITS, FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A GERMAN. By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and affairs, the articles have been widely read and discussed. And small wonder; for the zeal of the social philosopher, and perchance reformer, is upon the Professor, and he pronounces many uncharitable judgments on what he regards not as the natural faults of a still youthful and essentially struggling civilization, but as the failures of one already completed to come up to his own, necessarily German, ideals.

In five articles, the author discusses those things which are regarded as chiefly at fault in this republic, — to wit, the American character, American education, American scholarship, American women, American democracy, — matters which now have become world-renowned by being dragged through the dreary waste of foreign literature and served over again in the hash of newspapers. The author picks out in these what he regards as representative traits of American life, and bends upon them what he considers a friendly, yet avowedly not unprejudiced, scrutiny. The result may be foreseen. Except a very few features that may be retained, American culture and ideals sadly need regeneration. To answer such criticism in full would mean writing a much larger volume, and a much more thoroughgoing explanation of the phenomena of our life, than Professor Münsterberg in his leisure hours, and with his limited opportunities for observation, has been able to do. The understanding of and familiarity with our problems which we have a right to expect from our critics, Professor Münsterberg as yet possesses not, and perhaps will never possess, since his point of view is essentially foreign to our ideas and institutions. However great, in his opinion, is the similarity between what is German and what is American, this likeness is in fact but superficial, while the differences are fundamental. Besides this German point of view, which makes nine-tenths of his criticism worthless as a corrective, the chief fault of Professor Münsterberg's book, and the one most fatal to its real value, is his habit of basing his eulogy as well as his apology — in fact, his whole argument — upon what he calls the typical, but which we feel impelled to call the exaggerated or peculiar, character or situation found in a particular city or portion of the country. For representative purposes, therefore, his material is hardly worth the time spent in gathering it. But Professor Münsterberg strives for brilliancy of effect, not for plainness of truth; hence his book leaves an impression of sham earnestness which more than anything else serves to discourage and offend the sincere observer.

Professor Münsterberg comes before the public with the confessed aim of creating a better understanding between the United States and Germany. The way to do this, as the author rightly perceives, is to change the mental attitude of each nation toward the other, thus effecting a juster valuation of the character, ideals, and institutions of each. What he may have said to the Germans about America is carefully withheld from us; but what he wishes Americans to think about Germany and the Germans is in plain print before us. It is with this purpose in view that he so persistently shows us our inferiority. All through the book, American ideals and institutions are compared with German, and the comparison is insistently in favor of Germany. This may be well-meant and patriotic in our author, but we doubt whether it will much help the ardent mediator in achieving the *cordial enteinte* which is declared to be the purpose of the book. The intelligent American who goes abroad makes observations for himself; and Professor Münsterberg's enthusiastic guidance will not materially alter his view. Nor are we quite sure that the German nation is in all respects the one to be held up to us as a fit object to learn from. In some things, Germany may rather learn from America. America is not, and has no desire to become, a Germany, but to hold its own course and solve its problems for itself. Every nation is in some way indebted to another; the debt can be easily acknowledged, and the two remain on good terms as before. These two nations, however, are too different in political position, history, and tendencies, to benefit by conscious imitation. The social and political problems of a state such as Germany, and those of the free union suggested and realized by this commonwealth, are of such widely different nature that what suits the one is by logical necessity almost excluded from the other. To try to make them fit together is another instance of the gnome running after the moon.

Taking his articles one by one, there is no doubt that our critic's remarks often contain much truth. The man must be born blind who cannot see that this community has gone too far in some respects and not reached the medium in others. But what of it? Every nation may have this said about it without blushing. It is not safe, however, for the out-

sider, who, with his limited observation, does not know the secret springs of health within, to suggest the panacea. If he wishes to know, let him, like Mr. Carl Schurz and others, put his shoulder to the wheel of American progress; let him attempt with us to work out some of our problems, and he will soon see with better vision where our difficulties and our failings really lie. The old-world standards of the good and the right do not fit the magnitude of our task, and we are trying to establish new standards in keeping with our conditions and ideals. To our German critic, this doubtless is mere cant; and because it seems cant, he is unable to understand either our men and women and their relation to each other; or the inferior degree of our scholarship and the elementary character of our public education; or the fact that the word "democracy," like the word "constitution," has a different and more native meaning in this country than it has anywhere else.

In his first article, which serves as an introductory chapter, the author is in his most entertaining mood, as he shows the ridiculous exaggerations which the two nations consider representative of their respective peculiarities; and he takes pains to dispel the common notion that America is altogether materialistic. This may be taken as the kindly act of a scholar who has been the guest of this country for seven years and enjoyed unbounded courtesy and facilities for becoming acquainted with the true character of this new world. Yet it is everywhere clear that the idealism which he finds here is not of such fine grain as the stamped and approved German article. The idealism of which we can boast is, to be sure, not so much concerned with profession as with realization, — with giving the ideal a pair of stout legs on which to walk this earth. Our ideal is necessarily that of a commercial nation of republican instincts and liberal antecedents; "prosperity and equal opportunities for all" is our creed. Hence the surface of our public life may easily impress an observer as a scrambling mass of hands and mouths yelling for booty; but is there any country of any size which does not on fit provocation produce a like spectacle? To Professor Münsterberg it may easily appear that we have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage. But below the surface is the old, old current of stanch belief in the rights of man, a current which has not yet become sluggish, but remains a swell of enthusiasm such as in Germany, with her military *régime*, is fast dying away. Of this feeling, he sees but the fitful outbreak in political gatherings; and it strikes him as puerile. Besides, is materialism altogether absent from the experience of foreigners who "love and admire" Germany? The quantity may not be so abundant, but the quality generally makes up for it.

In his chapters on Education and Scholarship, Professor Münsterberg has subjects with which he is more familiar, and his points of criticism are mostly both sound and well presented: our lack of system and thoroughness, our inferior educational ideals, and our dominating mercantile spirit. Yet we are not altogether certain that our critic really understands just what ideals Americans have, or what education we are trying to give. The multitude of illiterate people that come to our country we attempt to make into citizens by giving their children equal educational chances with those of the best native families. Should not Professor Münsterberg consider what an exceedingly complicated matter education on these principles must be, and how little old-world systems will avail in the treatment of a heterogeneous population of such magnitude? Our elective system, too, is found to be the source of many educational sins. But he overlooks the fact that our institutions, which accord equal rights to everybody, must also give to the individual the privilege of choosing the line of work best adapted to his temperament and natural gifts. With us, it is not the State that paternally decrees, but the commonwealth that leaves the choice with the individual. And the same principle which demands that the individual shall have this right, demands also as a further consequence that whether bright or dull, rich or poor, laggard or industrious, he shall lack no opportunity, no care, no pains on the part of the teacher to help him to see what his needs and adaptabilities are, and to have him learn what he set out to learn as fast and as effectively as possible. It should be no wonder that under these conditions we have many educators but few scholars. So long as this burden of bringing up new millions every year to the level of intelligent membership of a free country remains with the teacher, so long will his whole energy be consumed in his work. For this side of the educational labor, with its enormous responsibility, Professor Münsterberg has little sympathy; yet the devotion to this democratic ideal of benefitting each for the

ultimate good of all has caused generation upon generation of students and scholars to lay aside their ambitions and obediently perform their task till they are ground to powder in the educational mill. Such an article of faith may very likely seem something like nonsense to a foreign and unsympathetic observer, but on it is founded our national greatness. The typical higher school of Germany and the *Gymnasial-lehrer* have no counterparts in this country; but we doubt whether the educational ideal, after all, is higher there than here.

In his fourth article, on American women, Professor Münsterberg has done what, with his uncertain grasp of our institutions, he could least afford to do: he has censured the educated American woman, despite his flattering comments on her individual charm, as being nothing less than a social superfluity, an article of luxury, if not a danger and a nuisance. Of course, Professor Münsterberg is here, as elsewhere, especially thinking of our beloved Boston, which is rich in women of culture, ambition, capacity, and often leisure as well. In Boston there are plenty of women who do not marry, who go to lectures instead, or pursue professional careers; and these, by mere force of numbers, have given him the impression that in America all culture is in the hands of women, while men are ousted from some of their especial offices. Hence it is time for our social reformer to call a halt, and remind us of the true woman on the other side of the water, who knows she is but an appendix and makes no special claims for herself. Yet, judging from recent events, we might imagine that this German woman wishes to be in the clothes of her American sister rather than otherwise. In speaking of the equality between the sexes, which he declares Nature never admits, our critic has been guilty of a trifling mistake in the use of words. Nature certainly admits equal forces and influences, though not similar functions. We think it is due to a true understanding of the difference between "equal" and "similar" that American life has assumed its varied aspect and that the American woman in her professional capacity can make her influence felt as she does. It is not strange that men of Professor Münsterberg's type should, after some trifling with the matter, be anxious to have women kept properly within the boundaries of domestic exclusiveness. But the reason why they should strive to get beyond these bounds is undoubtedly their inborn right to strive for whatever intellectual prizes their capacity may reach. The law of Nature, which has assumed constantly greater significance in the human mind and stands behind all democratic institutions, allows women an entire right to develop their faculties. Where slavery is abolished and serfdom an anomaly, the supremacy of one sex over the other is also obsolete. Professor Münsterberg's light *nonchalant* treatment of this subject is at best but an imitation of the raillery prevalent in certain circles of American university life; yet such circles represent not the progressive but the reactionary element in our national life. Furthermore, the woman of whom he has so much to say is not the American woman as America knows her, but a species peculiar to but a small section of the whole vast area. Yet it is worth remembering that these very women seek a college education and enter a professional career for purposes that honor themselves and the civilization that fostered them — a civilization which is, above all, ethical, as distinct from the æsthetic, the practical, or the philosophical, of which European countries may boast. There is something beautifully suggestive of the ultimate fulfilment of our democratic ideals in the hand-in-hand progress of our men and women toward a truer and completer life and a nobler and freer society than the warlike traditions of the old world have created.

The concluding article, on Democracy, appears to us to carry the least weight of all the chapters in the book. Though we have an occasional laugh at the writer's drollery, we regret that he can so little succeed in making his view convincing. Somehow our critic nowhere truly realizes that we have traditions underlying our life as powerful as the traditions to which he refers as so superior. The good and the evils of this commonwealth are based upon the same thing — individual liberty; and this sacred right we are not minded to give up for any time-honored device, however glittering. In Germany, if we may be so bold as to make a comparison, the individual, his wishes, his personal happiness and rights, are not factors to be much taken into account, but rather to be subjected to the welfare of the structure of which he is but an infinitesimal part. It is the State which alone has liberty, power, wisdom, needs; and the individual partakes of these only in so far as he is in harmony with the State. Professor Münsterberg has a truly Byzantine conception of the excellence of the omnipresent and omniscient government

which protects, trains, utilizes the individual for its own ends, but otherwise lets his life run in the established narrow groove. When reading his praise of the institutions of the fatherland, it may occur to one to ask in what manner the German institutions reward the individual for the sacrifice of his identity. The almost daily growth of the socialistic party in that country is the surest sign that the individual does not look upon himself as so greatly benefitted after all. The marvellous iron scaffolding of officialism in Germany, however efficacious it may be in holding the four corners of the building together, cannot prevent our seeing the big crack from top to bottom. But Professor Münsterberg's view of all these matters is the traditional and confirmed *von oben herab* attitude characteristic of the remoteness of university men of the semi-official upper classes. In studying American conditions the author sees not, what is only too visible, that our shortcomings are in the main faults of youth rather than of innate inferiority. As a nation we are still in the formative stage; yet we are working not after the old models but toward new ones based upon our own peculiar requirements. Professor Münsterberg may be forgiven for forgetting this, since his brief American life has been spent in the oldest centre of American culture; but this does not exonerate him from the charge of recklessness in publishing his ill-considered views, and thus invoking a criticism which must necessarily be as severe in tone as many of his statements are crude and flippant.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to ask: Would Professor Münsterberg, if he lived in London or in Paris, be found lecturing the English or the French as from Boston he has lectured the Americans? Max Müller stayed at Oxford for half a century; but no one ever heard of any attempts on his part to reform the English, their educational methods, the characters of their men and women. Friendly criticism and admonition should neither be disdained nor resented; but we believe that America can and must work out her own salvation, with little aid from foreigners who understand neither our people nor our institutions; and whose criticisms, wholesome as they might be for us in some respects, lose their effect and value by reason of their unsympathetic point of view and the air of self-complacent superiority with which they are uttered.

A. M. Wergeland.

Theories of Life and Conduct.*

Mr. Hugh Black's latest book, "Culture and Restraint," should have a wide reading. It is an exposition, well thought out and systematically presented, of two methods of attaining the highest good, — the method of self-expression and the method of self-repression, and of the relative merits of each. Since everyone must in a measure act according to one of these two methods, an understanding of wherein each is good and wherein each fails is of prime importance.

The ideal of culture is the healthful outgoing of all human activities. These suggest and determine the life which man was meant to live; let him therefore live that life naturally and fearlessly. The soul has room for all the world of beauty and of knowledge which man has conquered. Culture insists upon the duty of seeking the fulfilment of all human possibilities, of attaining and preserving health and integrity in every sense, of ripening all our powers to maturity. Our business, in the words of Bishop Blougram, is to "make the absolute best of what God made." The æsthetic ideal saves its follower from vulgar standards, by showing him "that there are larger things in the world than getting on, and more worthy things to worship than the great goddess of prosperity." It saves him, further, from provincialism and narrowness of interest; it brings wideness of outlook and catholicity of taste. It broadens the judgment and helps its follower to avoid one-sided views and hasty and prejudiced conclusions. It corrects the vanity of ignorance and gives true balance, or poise. Yet this ideal, in spite of its great value, has in the long run, taken by itself, always failed, not only in making life nobler and sweeter, but even in keeping true to its own best self. The effort to get the most out of life, to acquire the richest experience by "ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions," is apt to lead to the old philosophy of a short life and a merry one. Judged by the highest ethical standard, too, the man who makes self-culture his absolute ideal cannot be acquitted of selfishness; an illustration of this is seen in Goethe. This theory of the conduct of life fails, on the whole, because it takes a shallow conception of the needs of man and the world.

The other theory of life and conduct (for

* Culture and Restraint. By Hugh Black. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

which "restraint" is too mild a word) is that of the ascetic. Self-control, moderation, avoidance of excess, are all good, even necessary to any scheme of life; but the extreme type of self-repression, or asceticism, fails even more signally than the method of self-culture, since it is prohibition which does not prohibit, which cannot prevent; since, instead of removing, it only creates, temptation. Sacrifice, as an end in itself, "is the barrenest and the most dangerous object man can set before him." In the teaching of Jesus, rightly understood, Mr. Black thinks that both culture and sacrifice are reconciled and made reasonable by the thought of service. "A man's contribution to society will mean all the riches and resources of his nature, his heritage of race, and personal capacity, and education."

Such, in brief, is Mr. Black's thought. We cannot agree with all of his conclusions, — as, for example, that to define evil as simply the imperfection involved in finite being destroys the moral view of evil; we regret, too, that he so persists in speaking in the now meaningless terms of a worn-out theology. Still, with his main line of reasoning and with his general conclusion we find ourselves in complete accord.

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

THOMAS'S LIFE OF SCHILLER.*

Two such works as Francke's on German Literature and Thomas's Life of Schiller, within five years, are not only creditable to a publishing house, but they are an index of the advanced stage of American scholarship in the study of modern literatures as compared with a generation ago. Then Longfellow, Hedge, and Lowell, as interpreters who had their knowledge at first hand, were exceptional scholars in the modern languages, who knelt while they burned incense to the rulers on the German Parnassus; and Germany was almost a land of romance. For nearly a score of years, however, study abroad has been a matter of course for those preparing to enter collegiate work in philology and literature, since the sources and the authorities were formerly all foreign. But a time has come when Americans may regard the best of their own scholars with complacency, knowing that they are the peers of the best scholars abroad; and when we may declare the fact that it is no longer necessary to go abroad to secure the best instruction in literature and philology. Not that travel and study abroad are no longer desirable; they will always be so, since the great manuscript stores are still in Europe, and since, moreover, contact with a variety of minds and methods will always be among the foremost elements of culture.

Professor Thomas is most widely known as one of the best of "Faust" editors. His interests have been supposed to lie chiefly with Goethe, wherefore the announcement of his Life of Schiller caused some little wonder. And in his Preface the author frankly admits that there was a time when his attitude toward Schiller was scarcely so sympathetic as to warrant undertaking to write his life, "when my mind was very hospitable to demonstrations of his artistic shortcomings." But he adds: "Time has brought a different temper, and this book is the child of what I deem the wiser disposition."

It has been said that every good poem is a self-revelation. Perhaps the same observation applies to every product of a man's activities. Certainly it holds good in the case of this Life of Schiller. For the treatment of nearly every phase of Schiller's activity contains, as it were, strata from the earlier and the later stages of the author's thought. Doubtless this was Professor Thomas's plan; but in any case the outcome is most advantageous for his readers, since they are thus presented with a more evenly balanced view of the favorable and the unfavorable estimates of Schiller than could have been produced by one who had always held to either side of the unfortunate Goethe-Schiller contest. The result is, indeed, when both the favorable and the unfavorable opinions are vigorous and when they appear in close juxtaposition, an apparent inconsistency of judgment, but stubborn consistency is one of the worst vices in a critic.

The self-revelation of our author lies in the conflict between his critical judgment and the spontaneous tribute of his heart to the noble mastery of the poet's art. After all, Schiller and Goethe are touchstones for the spiritual and philosophical tone of those who deal with them. The one-sided realist will be repelled by Schiller, and just as surely the intense idealist will recoil from Goethe. But those who have, by turns or by fits, both idealistic and realistic sympathies, will find pleasure accordingly in both of the great Germans, and may even learn to see realistic leanings in Schiller and idealistic strivings in Goethe.

*THE LIFE AND WORKS OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER. By Calvin Thomas. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

And as the one or the other of these tendencies prevails in the student, even so is he inclined to yield precedence to one or the other of the poets. In general it is true that the critical temper is in sympathy with realistic methods, but the wide world loves an idealist. Criticism at first undertakes to tell us what we ought to admire; in time it learns to be satisfied with explaining why we admire what we do admire. And so Professor Thomas approaches Schiller.

"For the poet who wins the heart of a great people and holds it for a century is right; there is nothing more to be said, so far as concerns his title to renown. The creative achievement is far more precious and important than any possible criticism of it. This does not mean that the critic is in duty bound to abdicate his lower function; — it means only that he will be best occupied, generally speaking, in a conscientious attempt to see the man as he was."

Over and over again Professor Thomas himself sets the example which he commends in speaking of *Die Jungfrau von Orleans:*

"It was a great deed of poetry, in the presence of which a right-minded critic, after duly airing his little complaints, as critics must, will be disposed to doff his hat and say Bravo!"

The appreciation of the poet is all the more grateful and convincing because it comes so often almost grudgingly, despite the theoretical condemnation. We may take as illustration of this, and at the same time of other features of Professor Thomas's work, his treatment of *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, — "a tragedy in which he proceeds still further along the path of romantic idealization, proceeds indeed so far that one can no longer follow him without some rather serious misgivings" (p. 372). Yet on page 375 we find:

"A dramatist is justified if his intention is good and he succeeds in it. . . . His experiment was received with ecstacy at its first performance and has ever since held its place in the affection of German play-goers. They are not troubled by its irrationalities, but receive them with pious awe, as Schiller intended. For the reader, too, 'The Maid of Orleans' has a deep and perennial fascination. Theorize about it as we may, it is a great popular classic, which has exerted an enormous educative influence, and proves how thoroughly its author knew the heart of the German people."

And then he proceeds to theorize on page 378:

"As the play stands, however, it must be allowed that the demand made upon the imagination is quite too severe. The love-incident is preposterous in itself and a mere episode at that, serving no purpose finally but that of picturesque contrast. It is a sort of thing which one can put up with very well in a romantic opera, but not so well in a serious drama."

And further, on page 378:

"It is difficult to justify such a scene upon any theory of poetic art."

At this point Professor Thomas undertakes to explain that such scenes (as that between Johanna and Lionel) are tolerable in "Lohengrin" but not tolerable in a serious drama, because in the first case they are within the limits of tradition, and in the second not. But inasmuch as nine-tenths of the average audience do not know the details of the tradition, the application of the distinction is not evident. However, let us continue our quotations.

"It is really quite futile to discuss the artistic reasonableness of this scene. If one likes it and is touched by it, very well; but a prudent poet might well have had some regard for the very large number of people who would find such a scene ridiculous rather than touching." (P. 379.)

And yet on page 382 we read: "It [*Die Jungfrau von Orleans*] was a great deed of poetry," etc., as already quoted. But on the next page:

"It must be admitted that a heroine who excites interest chiefly by virtue of her patriotic sentiments and the bravery of her conduct does not represent the highest type of creation. The muse will always lend virtue and bravery to any common poetaster for the mere asking; but she does not so readily vouchsafe a convincing semblance of human nature."

But on the other hand, on page 384:

"Shall we then take refuge in the position that the Maid's story is not adapted to dramatic treatment at all? Such a position is at once rendered absurd by the perennial popularity and effectiveness of Schiller's play. Until some great realistic poet shall prove the contrary by deeds, the mere critic is certainly justified in holding that, whatever may be thought of his love-episode, the ghost and the miraculous escape from bondage, the general requirements of the theme are best met by Schiller's romantic treatment."

On the page after this, we find the following anent the minor characters of the play:

"In short, the characters of 'The Maid of Orleans' leave much to be desired on the score of verisimilitude. One has the feeling all along of being in an artificial world made to order by an imaginative fiat. To enjoy the play it is necessary to put aside one's rationalism and surrender oneself to the illusion one knows that the author wishes to produce. 'The Maid of Orleans' does not compel the surrender, like 'Wallenstein'; one must meet the poet half-way. That done, however, everything is in order, for the technique of the play is faultless."

Finally, speaking of the end of the second act:

"One who is not touched by this portion of the play; who does not return to it with ever renewed pleasure after each sojourn in the choking air of naturalism, is — to state the case as gently as possible — unfortunately endowed."

After a series of such passages, we can imagine a reader asking in despair: "But what, then, is Professor Thomas's opinion of 'The Maid of Orleans'?" Is it not evident that he

has various opinions of it? And who that is honest has not? One impression the reader is sure to get: that despite all technical defects, it is a great piece, and that Professor Thomas, like other good Germans, finally doffs his hat.

One whose allegiance to Schiller and idealism has been unwavering might be satisfied with this tribute, but for a few traces of the old patronizing attitude, such as, "Unquestionably Goethe at his best was a far greater poet than Schiller"; "Goethe's was the rarer genius"; "The other and higher method, as exemplified by Shakspere and also by Goethe"; "It is not to be denied that his (Schiller's) poetry at its best is seldom supremely good"; "Unquestionably Schiller lacked the supreme qualities that go to the making of a great world-poet"; and, most exasperating of all, "A distinctly human Johanna, — *such as Goethe might have given us* had he turned his thoughts in that direction!" Where is the use, please, and where the grace, in still insisting that "one of the real immortals" is less great than another? Why not have let it stop with the generous Goethe's own words: "They ought rather to be glad that they have two such fellows"?

A few mildly unfair criticisms might be pointed out. For instance, in the discussion of Schiller's ballads, page 320, it is mentioned, seemingly as a reproach, that "not a smile is provided for in the whole list." Pray, do we expect to smile over ballads? How many smiles are provided for in "Lenore" and "Der Erlkönig," or in our old English ballads? But the same reproach against "Wallenstein," page 353, "Humor plays no part," is hardly warranted by the fact. Not to mention the "Lager," which is probably intended to be excluded from consideration here, Tiefenbach and Isolani in "Piccolomini," IV., 6, are not wholly without humorous touches; and Isolani at the close of II., 5, "Wallenstein's Tod," certainly compels a smile. The dickering of Buttler with the murderers in "Tod," V., 2, has also some rather grim fun in it.

Professor Thomas's style deserves comment. It is certainly clear and forcible. But it is more than that. It is distinctly individual. There is in it at the same time the freedom of conversation and the vocabulary of omniverous reading. It makes the difference between the handbook and the work of literature which this Life of Schiller actually is. We have already quoted too much to feel free to cite more in illustration of the vigor and unconventionality of the author's expression. The following brief tale of rare or unlisted words will prepare the intending reader for surprises: interjacent, strumous, cicisbeo, bewray, dubiety, cunctatory, operose, monodistich, religiosity, vulgarian, revenant, ineluctable, pococurantism, arachnean, feaze.

The fulness of the yet incomplete biographies of Minor and Weltrich could not be rivalled (perhaps happily!) in a single volume, and some side of the subject had to come short. Undoubtedly Professor Thomas acted wisely in taking space for full literary discussions at the expense of petty biographical details.

The student of German literature will find in this book the most helpful of material: clear and adequate abstracts and statements of Schiller's plots and purposes; the frank and original utterances of a man of virile but refined taste regarding the times and the man; an extraordinary variety and fairness of view taken all in all; and a genuine enjoyment of the poet's masterpieces which will prompt to reading at first hand and to re-reading for comparison. It is not only an indispensable member of the library of every student of German literature henceforth, but it deserves a welcome from the wider public of general culture. The publishers have given the work a worthy dress in the dignified volume, with its solid paper, clear print, and valuable illustrations.

Typographical and kindred errors are almost wholly lacking. "The Lost Son," page 41, should be "The Prodigal Son." On page 141, "gratification" would be clearer as "benefit." Page 189, for "lacrimose," read "lachrymose." Page 229, the word "century" has been inadvertently omitted at the bottom of the page. Page 376, for "Althougn," read "Although." On page 429, for "The Bloody Marriage [Bluthochzeit] at Moscow," read "The Massacre at Moscow." For "rodomantade," page 449, read "rodomontade."

W. H. Carruth.

An Amateur in Mexico.*

It is a disagreeable task to criticize a book which has been heralded by its publishers and praised by reviewers as an important contribution in its field: it is still more disagreeable, when the author of the book is a brilliant and charming woman. But no one who knows Mexico and reads Mrs. Tweedie's "Mexico

*Mexico as I Saw It. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

as I Saw It" can review it without severe criticism.

It is true that the title which Mrs. Tweedie has selected for her book saves her from a great deal of criticism. One can hardly find fault with a simple narrative of what an author *sees* on a journey. And when Mrs. Tweedie really confines her attention to what she saw in Mexico, she is interesting and on fairly safe ground. She saw some phases of Mexican life under exceptionally favorable circumstances. The President of the Republic was interested in her work; governors, and their representatives, exerted themselves in her behalf; railroad officials extended to her every courtesy; foreign residents vied with each other in showing her attention; the best native Mexican society extended that gracious and beautiful hospitality which it knows so well how to offer. In describing these attentions and the places and things which they opened to her inspection, Mrs. Tweedie is interesting and entertaining.

But outside of the simple narrative of her own experience Mrs. Tweedie's book is valueless. As a contribution to knowledge of Mexico, it not only has no worth, — it is often misleading. We need not *search* for evidence of this; it may be found by simply opening the book anywhere. To show how fundamental her ignorance is, one example suffices. Mrs. Tweedie sees but two types in Mexico, — the Spaniard and "the Indian." Yet neither the Spaniard nor the Indian is much in evidence in the greater part of the country through which Mrs. Tweedie travelled. The cowboys of Northern Mexico and the common people of the cities of the high tableland are *not* Indians, though Mrs. Tweedie so styles them. The true Mexican of the highland, is the *mestizo*. Mrs. Tweedie *seems* never to have seen the name: true, at one point, when quoting (without acknowledgment) she *misquotes* the word, making it *nestizo*, and defining it as "a performer of witchcraft"! The word, however, is the common term applied to mixed-bloods.

That Mrs. Tweedie misprints her Spanish at times is excusable. We all do so, but while it is unfortunate, it does no great harm. We have but tried to write words as we heard them. But the case is different with Aztec words. These are gathered from reading, and we ought to be able to copy them from the printed page quite exactly. But our author mis-spells Aztec words often. Thus she writes *boyote* (coyote), *dabali* (javali), and *aquacate* (aguacate), and speaks of the god *Fenecatl* (Ehecatl) and the ruler *Ahuistotl* (Ahuitzotl). This list of mis-spelled words leads us to Mrs. Tweedie's remarkable statements in natural history. She speaks of howling wolves, and says she is "well acquainted with their music and appearance" — yet describes them, under the name "boyote," as "small like a fox"; the little peccary or javali (her "dabali") is said to be the "wild boar"; the aguacate, she says, "is a vivid green lemon used in salad" — yet she has eaten aguacates; we are told that "the lion and the panther" live along the Tampico branch of the Central Railroad, and might naturally infer that the lady is speaking of two animals, instead of one. Mrs. Tweedie is probably the only person who has seen "beautiful birds of paradise" in Mexico. She certainly had an unique experience on the tropical river, where "a taper *(sic)* peered upon us from a bough."

But Mrs. Tweedie's natural history, peculiar as it is, does not surpass her ethnography and archæology. These are sometimes observation, and sometimes quotation from or reference to authorities, whom she knows so little that she cannot read their names after her notes are cold. She visited a "cruciform cross" in the neighborhood of Mitla; in the same region she saw walls of "natural stones, — adobes (the native sun-burnt brick)"; in Oaxaca Valley, she found, what will astound the best-informed ethnographers, stone-tipped arrows shot with blow-guns, — as she says: "A man will fashion his arrowhead in a few minutes — five at most — and with his long reed blow-pipe and stone head fixed to his arrow shoot with no uncertain aim!" (The exclamation mark is fortunately in the text; it saves the reviewer trouble.) In one picture Mrs. Tweedie represents a man in a "grass coat made from cactus," and in the text identifies the species of cactus as the "palm cactus"; the coat is not a grass coat, nor is it made of cactus, nor is there a palm cactus.

But Mrs. Tweedie is at her worst in referring, with an air of familiarity, to authorities in archæology and ethnography. Poor Seler will hardly recognize himself as *Eeler*. Belmar's list of Oaxacan languages is almost unrecognizable, with five out of the thirteen names mis-spelled. And what can we say of her commendation of archæological books, — her list of the best ending with "Sandelier Medaillac's 'Prehistoric America.'" Poor Bandelier's book dropped out of the hastily

jotted list and he himself sadly mixed with the Marquis de Nadaillac! But that *Sandelier Medaillac* was as nearly correct as Mrs. Tweedie knew, is clear from its having gone through the proof-reading and appearing in full in the index.

We should find the statements regarding social and economic conditions quite as unreliable, but we will not say more. We regret that Mrs. Tweedie did not do a little serious study, if she cared to go at all outside of her subject — "Mexico as I Saw It."

FREDERICK STARR.

THE SCOPE OF FAITH.*

Such a breaking out of religious belief as we now witness has never before been seen. It is the bursting of a cloud which fills old channels and makes many new ones. A freedom is in the air, as when the buds of Spring are everywhere pushing.

The work on "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion," by Dr. M. J. Savage, expresses this liberty in its exultant form. The style is clear and popular, the thought is sober and just, and the author walks with joy amid the sudden shifting and upward trend of events. For him the salvage contains the vital centre of every living thing. If the author does not always touch bottom, he makes a manly effort to do so, and leaves the deep spaces for the rest of us to fathom as best we may.

"Life Everlasting," the last work of John Fiske, has the author's usual lucidity, and somewhat more than his ordinary rhetorical force. The argument is just, though it by no means reaches the full ethical energy of the theme. It is what can be soberly said in view of physical facts, rather than what can be justly drawn from our own inner life. The religious views of Mr. Fiske have had a somewhat fictitious importance attached to them because he was so early and profoundly imbued with the opinions of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Those who have never been equally burdened by a philosophy so spiritually barren are tempted to say, "How this empirical creature is creeping heavenward! It is interesting."

"Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale" is a work chiefly written by Professor H. B. Wright. The narrative is clear, succinct, and instructive. Professor Wright is supported by a variety of authors on special points. Many will enjoy the book, and Yale men will find it especially interesting.

"The Hearts of Men" is the title of a peculiar, not to say a queer, book. In style it is a reiterated question; in substance it is a series of unqualified affirmations. Its colors are white and black; there are no grays. It presses hard on dogma in a most dogmatic temper. It attacks reason with a long and closely compacted argument. Yet the book is interesting and instructive. It has at bottom one profound truth, which needs constant enforcement, — that religion is a thing of feelings even more than of thoughts, and demands our sympathetic apprehension in every form in which it offers itself. In the spiritual world, knowledge flows into feeling and feeling into knowledge with a pulsation which leaves neither significant without the other. If the author had presented his views with more proportion and qualification, he would have rendered better service.

We unite the three volumes entitled "Science and Christianity," "The Doom of Dogma," and "Is Christ Infallible and the Bible True?" because they are all so extreme in their views, and, looked at as a product of Christian philosophy, so pathetic and so wearisome. They are the fruit of much thoughtfulness and patient labor, and yet they lead us to no sufficient results. Taken together, they nullify each other. Two are made up of extended and opposed criticism, and the third of minute and ineffectual defense. "Science and Christianity" seems to be written by one who holds fast to traditional beliefs, and is more successful in accumulating material than in making use of it. The book is fitted to leave two impressions strongly: the closeness of the limits of knowledge, whether that knowledge pertains to religion or science; and the readiness with which we fall into excess of assertion, whether on the physical or the spiritual side. We carry a flickering torch in a cavern; we catch glimpses, lost as quickly as obtained. The author is keenly sensitive to the over-confident temper with which the new theology of science is urged, but does very little to help us out of the darkness. He fulfils his function in repeatedly declaring how dark it is. The author of "The Doom of Dogma" is equally fertile in criticism, but aims at the destruction of dogma, not at its retention nor its restatement. The criticism is extreme rather than

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*THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT IN RELIGION. By Minot Judson Savage, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LIFE EVERLASTING. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TWO CENTURIES OF CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY AT YALE. Edited by James B. Reynolds, Samuel H. Fisher, and Henry B. Wright. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE HEARTS OF MEN. By H. Fielding. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SCIENCE AND CHRISTIANITY. By F. Bettex. Translated from the German. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains.

THE DOOM OF DOGMA AND THE DAWN OF TRUTH. By Henry Frank. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IS CHRIST INFALLIBLE AND THE BIBLE TRUE? By Rev. Hugh M'Intosh, M.A. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THEOLOGY AT THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Essays on the Present Status of Christianity and Its Doctrines. Edited by I. Vyrnwy Morgan, D.D. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

sober. That men of active minds should reach results so unfruitful, is not comforting. Rashly pushing forward and obstinately holding back are alike ill-timed. One does not wish to stand between books which express so earnest a phase of individual lives and any readers they might otherwise secure. The first volume will bring to the reader many weak points in current theological speculations, and lead him to feel that current beliefs and unbeliefs are not so free of difficulty as they seem to be. The second volume will give him, in nearly four hundred pages, a great variety of criticisms which have accumulated against traditional beliefs, and leave him to make what way he can among them. The third volume will furnish him, in nearly seven hundred compact pages, an exhaustive and exhausting defence of the essentially infallible character of Scripture. Neither of the three volumes seems to us to grasp the true intent of dogma, as offering transition steps in intellectual and spiritual unfolding. The ultimate result of the destructive criticism seems preferable to that associated with orthodoxy. The author of "The Doom of Dogma" affirms, though in an extravagant form, the unity of nature, of man, and of God. The world is one and coherent. The author of the third volume reaches the conclusion of a conflict between reason and revelation, and the necessity of a choice between them. We can hardly be surer of any one thing than of unity in God's work and method.

The work on "Theology at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century" covers a wide field. It is made up of many brief contributions of men of ability and prominence, who represent a large variety of opinion. It is sure, therefore, to have points of interest for an equally wide range of readers. Though the themes considered are principally doctrinal, they include a few of a practical character, as "Divorce and Re-Marriage," "Religious Condition of the Anglo-Saxon Race," etc. It is the progressive rather than the conservative element that is represented in the book, the attitude of the more thoughtful men rather than of the masses. It is the midway point among thinkers that receives emphasis. Those who stray, either by holding back or pushing on, fail of representation. The book is a snap-shot at the head of the column. Mr. Frederic Harrison follows an analytic introduction by the compiler with an essay on "Christianity at the End of the Nineteenth Century." It seems to us unduly pessimistic. Mayor Jones, in one of the closing articles on "The Religious Condition of the Working Men in America," strikes a clearer and more cheerful note. The volume would have been more satisfactory if the practical side of Christianity had received more attention. There is no recognition of the Labor movement, which has sprung up under the second great command, and has been more revolutionary of social sentiment than any other event in the century just closed.

JOHN BASCOM.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The fallen Stuarts and their influence.

Mr. F. W. Head is the author of a scholarly monograph entitled "The Fallen Stuarts" (Macmillan), treating of the services rendered to various European states by the several Pretenders to the English throne. The book is an elaborated essay which was presented for and won the Prince Consort Prize in 1900. Necessarily the character of the study involved, as well as the regulations of the prize contended for, required that the author should produce a scientific detailed treatise, enumerative of minute historical incidents, rather than a readable, popular book. Not that "The Fallen Stuarts" is unreadable, for Mr. Head has done much to illuminate an exceedingly dry subject; but its concise statements, and rapid reviews of connecting incidents preclude any general interest other than that of the close student of history desirous of examining the results of recent and specialized research. As a monograph, Mr. Head's book takes high rank, for it is accurate, exhibits thorough study, is replete with references to the best authorities, and is logical in arrangement. By far the greater portion of the work is devoted to the international rather than the insular influences of the Stuarts. The accounts of their attempted invasions of England are but briefly related; while their relations with foreign monarchs, and their reception at foreign courts, are dwelt upon at greater length. Thus, in illustration of Mr. Head's thesis, the exact use to which Louis XIV. wished to put the first Pretender, James II., the effect of the latter's presence at Versailles upon French international policy, the motives actuating the treatment accorded his royal refugee by the King of France, occupy all of the author's attention to the exclusion of events and conditions in England attendant upon the revolution of 1688. In like manner, very little space is devoted to noting the influence exerted, by the mere existence of the Stuarts in exile, upon the internal development of English church and state. The author's thesis is, in short, the influence of the Pretenders upon foreign policy in Continental Europe, and this ground he has covered with a scientific detail that renders his book a valuable if not a very interesting addition to the historical literature of the period. An appendix of thirty-five pages contains illustrative extracts from the Gualterio Manuscripts at the British Museum.

Latest researches in "Mycenean" civilization.

In "The Oldest Civilization of Greece" (Lippincott), we have an interesting addition to the rapidly increasing literature treating of "Mycenean" civilization. The author, Mr. H. R. Hall, is an assistant in the department of Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities at the British Museum; and is by location and training well equipped for his task of presenting the results of archæological discovery and of estimating their bearing on the great question of

the origins of Greek civilization. In the substantial volume before us, Mr. Hall has thrown together his notes made during the course of some years' study of the problems of "Mycenean" archæology. How modern the study of these fascinating questions is, can be appreciated only by those who know that twenty-five years ago our knowledge of Greek history could hardly be said to have extended much further back than the beginning of the seventh century B.C. In Mr. Hall's words, "The Homeric period seemed to be entirely isolated; an impassable gap separated the Greece of Homer from the Greece of Herodotus; and behind Homer lay impenetrable darkness." Schliemann's energy and enthusiasm, and the scholarly appraisal of his discoveries by cooler intellects, have, partially at least, raised this veil, and enable us in these early days of the new century to formulate working hypotheses which are successively more and more persuasive. Mr. Hall remembers, and reminds his readers, that we are not beyond the region of hypothesis. His own explanation of the phenomena he admits to be provisional; but it is consistent with the facts, and is elaborately wrought out. He assumes, as to date, that the rich and varied civilization called "Mycenean" was already nearly universal in Greece and had entered upon the period of its fullest development in the sixteenth century B.C.; and he believes that the Homeric civilization, traditionally dated to the ninth century B.C., was a decadent form of that of Mycenæ. Below the relics of the Mycenean (or Bronze) age, are found those of the "Præ Mycenean" or copper age, which dates roughly about 2000 B.C. As to the curious and beautiful art-work called "Mycenean," Mr. Hall does little beyond repeating the conclusions and reproducing the illustrations of such works as Perrot and Chipiez's great *Histoire*, Schuchhardt's "Schliemann," and Tsountas and Manatt's "The Mycenean Age." His most original and elaborate work is done in tracing the lines of ethnic connection between Mycenæ and the Archaians, the Egyptians, Phœnicia, Cyprus, and Crete. The book is not for the general reader, nor even for the intelligent layman who is not acquainted with the previous literature of the subject. Its appeal is to the scholar who can weigh its arguments and estimate its conclusions. It is well printed and bound, and abundantly supplied with indices, appendices, charts, and illustrations.

The founder of the order of St. Francis.

Far removed as the spirit of our modern life is from that of the founder of the "Brothers Minor," the story of so sincere a life, told with sympathetic directness, is not without its measure of appeal for a reader jaded with the tinsel glories of a popular novel. Mr. James Adderley's "Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi" (Longmans) is a brief but very finely appreciative study of the man and his influence upon his age. For the ordinary reader, the chapter on "The Times of Francis" might well have been a little longer. The generalizations with which it is mainly filled should have been supplemented by particularizing details or illustrations, which would have saved the background against which the figure of the saint is seen from the haziness that more or less obscures the significance of the man himself. But, with this reservation, it is a very bright picture that the lover of men and of all God's poor and lowly things makes in these pages, from the time of his idle, flaunting youth, to the hour of his death, when "with his songs were mingled those of the little birds he loved so well." Useless as seems now much of the self-abnegation that made up his life, the telling of it here reveals a most engaging personality, a sweet and inspiring faith. The story of the stigmata, the appearance of the marks of the crucifixion on the body of Francis, Mr. Adderley tells in quotation from the *Fioretti*, thus escaping the necessity for expressing an opinion himself. The very beautiful frontispiece of St. Francis shows in the hands and the feet the marks of the nails. The book closes, sadly enough, with a showing of the return to worldliness of the Franciscans themselves, even during the lifetime of St. Francis.

Lincoln among his contemporaries.

In these days of scientific research, and of application of iconoclastic methods to history and biography, a life of Abraham Lincoln on old-fashioned lines seems unusual reading. The underlying thought of Dr. Robert H. Browne's "Abraham Lincoln and the Men of his Times" (Jennings & Pye) is, that the great war president was a chosen agent of Providence, a man for his time designed to meet a special exigency, just as Moses or Luther, Cromwell or Washington had been, each in his particular period of history. This idea appears everywhere throughout the twelve hundred pages filled with anecdote, reminiscence, and record of personal experience. The author's father, a Scotch engineer who settled in Springfield, Illinois, in the middle of the last century, was a close friend of Stephen A. Douglas, and the son grew to manhood in a community which witnessed many of the everyday scenes in the life of great actors on the ante-bellum stage. At a later time he became identified with the fortunes of Mr. Lincoln as a worker in the cause of the new Republican party, and had the best of opportunities to know those who secured the nomination for the "Illinois rail-splitter" at Chicago in 1860. This event is the culmination of the author's story; and a very interesting story it is, showing from the standpoint of an Illinoisan the forces which were at work during the ten years before the war developing the man for the time. That things do not simply "happen" in politics, but come to pass according to deliberate plans carefully worked out, is clearly shown by Dr. Browne. There is a vast amount of local coloring in this account of the environment surrounding Abraham Lincoln from his birth to his death, and also a good deal of the cur-

rent history of the country needed to illustrate his life; the resulting impression being that desired by the author, of a Providential leader coming into the kingdom at exactly the right time.

Royal habitations in London.

In this age of innumerable "process methods" of pictorial reproduction, in which the sun and the kodak are usually the artists, it is refreshing to see a collection of honest old-fashioned lithographs in black and white, and to find in them some "artistic feeling" as well as some skill in drawing. So we are grateful to Mr. Thomas R. Way for having chosen lithography as his medium for depicting the "Ancient Royal Palaces in and about London" (John Lane). His twenty-four plates illustrate thirteen palaces, or surviving portions of palaces, including Eltham Palace, Greenwich Palace, the Tower, Crosby Hall, Savoy Palace, Whitehall Palace, St. James's Palace, Kensington Palace, Kew Palace, Richmond Palace, Hampton Court, and Windsor Castle; Buckingham Palace is omitted because of its lack of age. It might be doubted if lithography is the best pictorial method of presenting architectural details; but Mr. Way has certainly been very successful in grasping the picturesque features of some of his scenes. His subjects have not in all cases been inviting; Americans who have never been in England will doubtless be surprised to see how unpalatial some of these royal palaces are in their external appearance,—Kew and Kensington, for example. Mr. Way's pictures are accompanied by architectural, antiquarian, and historical notes, of great value and of deep interest, by Mr. Frederic Chapman. From these notes we may learn, for example, why it is that we speak of our "ambassador to the Court of St. James." St. James's Palace was once the hospital of St. James the Less, and retained its saintly name long after it was transformed into a royal abode; and it still retains the name, though it is now no longer a royal abode, but is yet admirably adapted to Court ceremonials. Lithographs and letter-press together form a sumptuous quarto volume of one hundred and seventy-five pages, printed on fine paper with liberal margins. The edition is limited to four hundred copies.

An indispensable manual for the printer and writer.

"Correct Composition," the second volume in Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne's series on "The Practice of Typography" (Century Co.), is a thoroughly useful and much-needed manual "intended to give information about the correctness of type-setting, which is not minutely taught in English grammars or clearly explained in technical manuals of printing." It is designed for the use of not only the printer and proofreader, but for all who are concerned in the production of the printed page. It has to do no less with the proper preparation of "copy" by the author than with its proper reproduction by the printer; and, indeed, it is the author who is most in need of such instruction as the book affords. Writers for the press are too apt to assume that the niceties of punctuation, capitalization, compounding of words, and other essential details of correct composition, are the concern of the printer only. Careless and slovenly "copy" is too often the rule rather than the exception, as every printer and magazine editor knows. No writer, whatever his degree of experience, could fail to profit by Mr. De Vinne's concise and common-sense precepts and well-chosen examples. An invaluable feature of the volume is an appendix giving a list from which may be seen at a glance the variations in spelling, among the seven standard English dictionaries, of over sixteen hundred words. We should like to see a copy of Mr. De Vinne's book not only in every American newspaper and printing office, but in every school and college library as well. The result could not but be a distinct advance in the prevailing standards of literary composition.

The principles of perspective in art and nature.

In his "Applied Perspective for Architects and Painters" (Houghton), Mr. Longfellow has limited his field and has set forth only such principles as must needs be known to the practical draughtsman, pointing the students of the theory and science of perspective to a completer work which already exists for them. In his Preface, Mr. Longfellow advances the opinion that "the practice of perspective depends not so much on many principles as on the varied applications of a few," an opinion that is shared generally by perspective draughtsmen. But to the knowledge of a few general principles and the power to apply them must be added a fine sense of perspective to save the draughtsman from running into serious complications. The "feeling" for perspective is something that no book can supply, and the more finely this sense is developed in a draughtsman the less does he consciously depend on principles. Mr. Longfellow's book will help the general practitioner, for it not only shows how principles are applied practically, but it illustrates their application by photographs from art and nature. The Introduction contains material of interest to others than architects or painters,—indeed, to everyone who would view a picture intelligently; while the explanation of the horizon and its varying relation to the observer as he changes his base, and its fixed relation to him no matter how he changes, is very suggestive. The work contains seventy-five drawings in the text, and thirty-three full-page plates, many being in half-tone. It fills well its own field.

Story of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

A very interesting story is that told by Prof. Oscar Kuhns in "German and Swiss Settlements of Pennsylvania" (Holt). While a review of the conditions in the homeland following the religious wars gives the historic setting, and the importance of religious questions in determining movements of population is clearly shown, the author has made a successful

effort to treat the subject from a social standpoint, and thus has produced a very convenient handbook regarding the "Pennsylvania Dutch." The reader finds interesting details about the way in which the oppressed peoples were attracted to America, now by a translated pamphlet by William Penn, now by the influence of a letter from an old friend or by the conversations of a returned colonist sent back to Germany to lead others to the land of peace, or again by some wily agent of a transportation company. The privations of the journey and the toilsome efforts in the wilderness find equal place with the certain improvement in temporal condition and the moral and social influence upon the new country. An attempt is made to show what the race has done for the history of the commonwealth, and the claims are made without partisan prejudice or special pleading. A liberal use of footnotes permits the introduction of many brief items of interest; a bibliography indicates the growing literature regarding the general subject; and in the appendix is to be found a discussion of Pennsylvania-German family names with annotations of much value. On the whole the little volume is the most complete and interesting for the general reader that has yet appeared about this element of the pioneer population of the United States. A list of more than one hundred and fifty titles shows something of the literature of the subject, and also suggests again the earnestness and zeal with which in recent years the claims for the minor elements of our colonial population are being advocated.

Literature in Europe in the early 16th century.

"The Earlier Renaissance" (Scribner) belongs to the series entitled "Periods of European Literature," and edited by Mr. George Saintsbury. It is the fifth volume in the serial order, and the seventh in the order of publication. The editor is in this case also the author, as in the case of the volume on "The Flourishing of Romance," which has the second place in the series. The period of the new volume is roughly the first half of the sixteenth century, which assigns to it the names, among many others, of Erasmus, More, Ariosto, Machiavelli, Politian, Rabelais, and Hans Sachs. The opening chapter, called "The Harvest-Tide of Humanism," discusses the Latin writing of the period. From this the transition is easy to the Italian vernacularists of the Cinquecento, thence to the French epoch here styled "From Rhetoric to Pleiad," thence to the Elizabethans who were (mainly) before Elizabeth. A chapter on German literature then follows, then studies of early dramatic and critical writing, and the work ends with a few random notes on Scandinavian, Dutch, and Slavonic authors. The book has all the familiar characteristics of Mr. Saintsbury's work; it is exasperating in style, but gives evidence of enormous reading. It is as even in execution as one has a right to expect, and in point of accuracy is not open to serious criticism.

A short life of Paul Jones.

For some prominent men of the past, a complete biography in the compass of a magazine article seems an absurdity; but for the dashing Paul Jones, Mr. Hutchins Hapgood's little life in the "Riverside Biographical Series" (Houghton) is sufficient for all readers except special students. This is due to the skill of the writer, who has been able on this small canvas to paint a complete picture of the man, and to set forth in sufficient detail his brilliant and important work for his adopted country. We have him here, with his burning ambition, his reckless but well-calculated daring, and his professional skill. He is thus summed up: "As far as his deeds are concerned, Paul Jones appears in the popular consciousness as he really was, — a bolt of effectiveness, a desperate and successful fighter, a sea captain whose habit was to appear unexpectedly to confound his enemies, and then to disappear, no one knew where, only to reappear with telling effect. He has been the hero of the novelists, who, expressing the popular idea, have pictured him with essential truth. A popular hero, indeed, he was, and will remain so, justly, in the memory of men."

NOTES.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish "A Course in Invertebrate Zoölogy," by Professor Henry Sherring Pratt.

"The Book of Bulbs," by Mr. S. Arnott, is published by Mr. John Lane in his useful and attractive series of "Handbooks of Practical Gardening."

Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" is published in an inexpensive form for use as a school reading-book by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish the "Elements and Notation of Music," an elementary text-book for public school use, the work of Mr. James M. McLaughlin.

"A Laboratory Manual of Physics for Use in High Schools," prepared by Professors Henry Crew and Robert R. Tatnall, is published by the Macmillan Co.

"The Passenger Traffic of Railways," by Mr. Walter E. Weyl, is a monograph in the political science series of publications issued by the University of Pennsylvania, and offered for sale by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

The American Book Co. publish "L'Enfant de la Lune," by Mme. Jeanne Mairet, edited by Miss Edith Healy, and Labiche's "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," edited by Mr. G. Castegnier.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish a "Herbarium and Plant Description" portfolio, with sheets for mounting specimens, and blanks for describing them. It is a useful adjunct to any elementary course in botany.

The 1902 volume of "The Daily News Almanac," as useful as ever, comes to us from the office of the enterprising Chicago newspaper whose name it bears and spreads abroad. Mr. James Langland is the compiler of this volume.

The Riggs Publishing Company is the title of a new firm soon to begin active work in New York City. One of its founders is Mr. John Russell Davidson, already well known in connection with his New York literary agency. The new firm is fortunate in its ini-

tial volume, "Uncle Sam, Trustee," a serious study of present conditions and problems in Cuba, by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. The book will appear in April.

A new "Eversley" volume, published by the Messrs. Macmillan, is a second edition of Professor R. C. Jebb's "Modern Greece," which contains two lectures, written over twenty years ago, but still pertinent as to the essential aspects of their subject.

"A Text-Book of Applied English Grammar," by Mr. Edwin Herbert Lewis, is published by the Macmillan Co. It is an elementary school book for the upper grades, brief and practical, as are all of the text-books of this experienced teacher.

A very charming "Whist Calendar," published by Messrs. Noyes, Platt & Co., is designed by Miss Mildred Howells. Her decorative work is fetchingly artistic, and her textual extracts, although brief, provide a pleasant surprise for nearly every page.

"Who's Who" for 1902, being the fifty-fourth year of the issue of this useful dictionary of living Englishmen, comes to us from the Macmillan Co. As heretofore, the biographies include a few Americans, although the selection of names seems to have been made after a haphazard fashion.

Mr. William R. Jenkins is the publisher of "A Course in First Year Latin," by Mr. W. W. Smith. The work is prepared especially for students who expect to take the Regents' Examination in New York, but would not be out of place as a text-book, introductory to Cæsar, in any high school.

"Asinette," is a French story for English children, written by Mrs. J. G. Frazer. It has the Dent imprint, and is published in this country by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Eight charming colored plates, and a great number of marginal cuts, help to make this volume exceedingly attractive to a young reader.

A dainty pocket edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" is issued in the "Caxton Series," of which Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the American publishers. The two volumes are well printed, bound in limp blue lambskin, and supplied with photogravure frontispieces and other illustrations from the clever pen of Mr. E. J. Sullivan.

"The Gospel Story of Jesus Christ," by Miss Ida W. Hutchinson, is a pretty book for young people, published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Another book from the same source is "My Island," a volume of stories for children, by Miss Eilian Hughes. Both of these books are manufactured in England by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

Messrs. Knight & Millet are the publishers of a volume of "Studies of Trees in Winter," by Miss Annie Oakes Huntington. The work is scientific in method, although not without an occasional æsthetic touch, and is abundantly illustrated. Professor Charles S. Sargent contributes an introduction, and thus stands in a way as sponsor to the book.

"Modern Design in Jewellery and Fans" is the subject of this year's special winter number of "The Studio" (John Lane). The text consists of a half-dozen brief essays on the present condition and tendencies of these branches of artistic craftsmanship in France, England, Austria, Germany, Belgium, and Denmark, contributed by art-workers in each of the respective countries, the whole being edited by Mr. Charles Holme. As in all "Studio" publications, the illustrations are notably profuse and well-executed; there are nearly one hundred and twenty-five in all, including eighteen in colors, forming together a most interesting exposition of the subject. One of the plates is a beautiful stencilled fan design printed in colors upon white silk.

Mr. Joseph B. Mayor's "Chapters on English Metre" has for many years been one of the best books upon its subject to be had in our language. A new edition, with three added chapters, has now been prepared by the author, and is published by the Macmillan Co. The metres of Shelley, the recent theories of Mr. Bridges and Dr. Skeat, and the hexameter in English, are the subjects of the new chapters.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons import for the American market the fourth edition, revised and enlarged, of "A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," by Messrs. Banister Fletcher and Banister F. Fletcher. The work now contains 256 full-page plates, one-half of which are photographic representations of typical architectural monuments.

The latest modern language texts are the following: "A German Reader and Theme-Book" (Holt), by Professor Calvin Thomas and Mr. W. Addison Hervey; Schiller's "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" (Appleton), edited by Professor Lewis A. Rhoades; Freytag's "Die Journalisten" (Appleton), edited by Mr. Thomas Bertrand Bronson; Schiller's "Die Braut von Messina" (Silver), edited by Professor William H. Carruth; Storm's "Immensee" (Ginn), edited by Mr. Richard Alexander von Minckwitz and Miss Anne Crombie Wilder; "The Elements of French Composition" (Holt), by Mr. J. Howe Cameron; "Une Semaine à Paris" (American Book Co.), a book of conversations prepared by Mr. Edwin F. Bacon; "Les Forceurs de Blocus" (Appleton), by M. Jules Verne, edited by Mr. C. Fontaine; and "A Spanish Anthology" (Silver), containing lyrics from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries, and edited by Dr. J. D. M. Ford.

The section on the History of Mediæval and Modern Literatures of the International Congress of Historical Sciences, whose third biennial session will be held in Rome next April, has as yet a very limited American membership, and therefore is seeking to enlist the further interest of American scholars in its work. To this end a special American committee has been appointed, whose secretary is Dr. J. E. Spingarn, Columbia University, New York. It is hoped that all American scholars interested in this field of study will secure membership in the section. The membership fee of twelve francs may be sent to Professor Francesco Novati, 25 Via Borgonuovo, Milan, Italy. The publications of the Association are sent to all members. The papers of this section at the Paris meeting of 1900 fill a volume of some three hundred pages under the title, "Annales Internationales d'Histoire: Congrès de Paris, 1900. 6me Section: Histoire comparée des littératures" (Paris, 1901: Armand Colin). It is also hoped that original contributions within the field will be offered for presentation at the coming Congress from American scholars. American scholarship has its own point of view and has its own contributions to make in the study of literary history. The reciprocal advantages of closer relations with the representatives of European scholarship are manifest. The project is being considered of trying to induce the Congress to hold its next meeting (in 1904) in some American city. American coöperation at this year's meeting will be sure greatly to further this design.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 62 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Philip Freneau, the Poet of the Revolution: A History of his Life and Times. By Mary S. Austin; edited by Helen Kearny Vreeland, great-granddaughter of the poet. Illus., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 285. A. Wessels Co. $2.50 *net.*

Scottish Men of Letters in the Eighteenth Century. By Henry Grey Graham. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 441. Macmillan Co. $4.50 *net.*

Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career. By Howard Hensman. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 382. Harper & Brothers. $5. *net.*

Robespierre: A Study. By Hilaire Belloc, B.A. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 387. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2. *net.*

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